

agrees, "No, in this case, your sangfroid could be your greatest asset."

At that moment a goonish bar patron hurls a nearly full glass of beer on his compadre. The beer barely glances its intended target, but manages to soak the waitress. Dallas, chivalrous, instantly pulls himself out of his gloom, delighted to have a focus for his frustration. Ian is just itching for a fight. Mike begins half-heartedly, but soon gives himself over to the brawl that ensues. Lucy manages to dodge the worst of the beer pitching and punches, but does get in a few really well-placed licks of her own.

The team is thrown bodily from Bennigans along with the rest of the perpetrators. Ian wraps a comradely arm about Lucy's neck and gingerly fingers a rapidly blackening eye. "Who says I'm not sensitive?" he wants to know of her.

Over the cool, soulful tune of "Spooky," the Natural and the Normal merge in the energetic throes of that age-old extra-sensory ritual. These two dedicated beings give themselves completely to whatever they are tasked with, and so there is much thrusting and thrashing and loud exclamations of passion. After a VERY LOUD CLIMAX, they fall silent and motionless on the bed for several long seconds, then: "You smell like beer," Barrish says.

He rolls over and acknowledges for the first time his surroundings. His attention is first drawn to a large brass urn filled with a huge bouquet of peacock feathers. Heavy drapes are drawn over the window, and flickering candlelight throws wavering shadows of the feathers onto the wall. The walls of Lucy's bedroom are covered with copies of ancient Sumerian and Egyptian (?) temple paintings, including one that depicts the solar system as it is known in modern times— planets in proper (relative) size and relativity to the sun, and several of Isis with a "space pack" on her back. Following his gaze, "They're not very good," apologizes Lucy. "What is all this stuff?" asks Barrish. Lucy replies, "The first UFOlogists. Well, maybe the first."

Angels. UFOs. What is it all about? Is there a connection? This is all bigger than he realized. How does it concern him? "I don't know exactly," Lucy admits, "but I know we're a part of it."

That's why I wanted so much to get into this program." "Where was she before?" Barrish wants to know. "CIA." "Are you still in?" he asks. "I'm out," Lucy says, climbing over Ian and covering him with a kiss.

The four meet at the gym, a carry-over of training protocols. Mike is silent as the others agree to meet for one more session at the lab that night. Lucy drops her weights and goes for some steam, hugely muscular Dallas complains that he needs more weight; he'll leave the light stuff "to you two weenies." He peels off leaving only Barrish and McLellan.

Once they are alone, "You had to do it, didn't you?" McLellan accuses. "Come on, Mikey. You weren't serious about the Spook," counters Barrish. "And since when are YOU serious?" "I'm always serious," states Barrish. "Right. You're the motherfucking serious big shot. In all arenas! It's always your big ego, YOUR agenda. You fucked with Swann till he left. And Jace and Martini. That's your fault too, man." Barrish replies, "OK, Sergeant. That's my fault. A lot of things are my fault. It's my fault you're even in this project." "Fuck you, man. I tested in." "Wrong, Sergeant. You're in due to my direct patronage. I fixed your scores."

This hits McLellan like a smack in the face. Not only has he been swept along in his friend's wake, but he has been "boosted" when he fell short of the mark. He realizes that this is a fork in life's road for him, but doesn't know yet how to resist when Barrish pleads, "Forget it, Mikey. Those tests were fucked. You're my best friend. Come on, man. Stick with me."

Ian returns to the Bennigan's that was the scene of last night's ruckus. He approaches the waitress who hands him back his wallet, lost in the fray. "So, ya still want to marry me today?" she kids him. He shakes his head sheepishly, hoping that's the only thing he doesn't remember.

As he walks across the parking lot, a sixth sense makes him turn around suddenly and he catches the merest glimpse of Boscoe ducking behind a van across the lot. "Shit," he murmurs. "Army Intel is being watched." He turns back and casually accelerates.

At the facility that night, McLellan and Mitchell break into the lab while Ian tells Lucy about Boscoe and instructs her not to let ^{the} others bring him out until he's got the whole picture. They won't get another chance now that they're under surveillance.

Ian is wired and into theta state without the usual cool down. He answers Lucy's "Ready?" with the standard: "Good to hook."

"If you see Martini out there just reel him in and drag him home," jokes Dallas.

Mike and Dallas monitor theta while Lucy gives Ian the target and quickly retraces the route taken by Jace and Martini. Barrish follows the craft to Mars. "Is this the present?" asks Lucy.

"No," says Barrish. "It's a long time ago." He sees the mountains of dirt and huge flat surfaces—the outside of buildings, large pyramids. They are huge. "What are they?" asks Lucy. She instructs Barrish to take his time and, when he is ready, to go inside one of them.

"OK. Going in... it's a bit dark. It's very... it's like a rabbit warren, corners of rooms, they're really huge. I don't feel like I'm standing in one it's just really huge. Perception is that the ceiling is very high, walls very wide." "Is there any activity?" asks Lucy. "Negative. Nothing. I don't sense anything." "OK," Lucy says, "Let's move."

Lucy gives Ian new co-ordinates. He targets. "They have a ah... appears to be the end of a very large road and there's a.. marker thing that's very large, keep getting Washington Monument overlay, it's like an... obelisk," Barrish relays. "Let that go," Lucy instructs. "I want you to look around." ".....OK...It's like I'm in the middle of a ... huge circular basin.. of the range mountains by almost all the way around..... ...very ragged, ragged mountains, very tall. Basin's very, very, very large..."

Mike and Dallas exchange somewhat amused looks.

"...Scale seems to be off or something.. it's just really big. Everything's big!"

"I understand the problem," Lucy assures him. "Just continue."

"...see just a right angle...corner to something but that's all, I don't get anything else..."

Lucy moves him again. He describes clusters of squares reflecting light. The sun, he says, looks "weird." Look around, Lucy tells him. "It's like I can just perceive ah.. ah.. like a radiating pattern of some kind. Oh, boy! Oh, Mikey! It's one of your weird designs. Like... one of those weird designs... we saw from the plane!.. with strange intersecting kind of roads that are dug like.. I don't know.. into valleys."

Dallas, regarding the instrumentation, tells Lucy that Barrish is nulled out. He's slipping off target. Lucy instructs Barrish to stay deep and recapture his target. McLellan urges her to end the session, but Lucy overrides. They haven't gotten anything yet. "How are you doing?" she asks Ian. "It's really tough, it's... it seems like it's just always very sporadic.." "Just the raw data," Lucy tells him to take some time and get back deep. She gives him new co-ordinates.

"Ummmm... see the... intersecting.. whatever they are, are aqueduct type things... these...rounded bottom carved channels, like road beds. See ah.. see pointed tops of something on the horizon. Even the horizon looks funny and weird, it's ah... different.. misty, like it's really far away away.. very vague."

This is not what they're looking for. Lucy moves him again.

McLellan and Mitchell exchange looks. This is nerve-wracking.

"80 degrees south. 80 degrees south. And 64 degrees east. 64 degrees east," Lucy says.

"See pyramids.. Can't tell if it's overlay or not. They're different."

"OK. Do the pyramids have insides and outsides?"

"...um-hmmm, got both, and they're huge.. It's really, ah.. it's an interesting perception I'm getting."

Ian sounds a bit "drunk." Mike tells Lucy he's reading loss of focus. He thinks they should retrieve him.

Lucy ignores him. "Do you still have your target?" she asks Ian.

"...Um-hmmmm.... it's very interesting."

"OK.. Why don't you just tell me what you're finding so interesting."

"It's filtered from storms or something."

"Say that again please."

"They're like shelters from storms."

"These structures you're seeing?"

"Yes. They're designed for that."

"All right. Go inside one of these and find some activity to tell me about."

"..... Different chambers,.. but they're almost stripped of any.. any furnishings or anything, it's like ah.... strictly functional place for sleeping or that's not a good word, hibernations, some form, I can't.. I can't..."

"Is he OK?" "Are you OK?" Dallas and Lucy ask simultaneously.

"I get real raw inputs, storms, some kind of geologic.. or ecological.. some kind of disaster, savage storms..."

"Like Martini and Jace saw," observes Dallas.

"..and sleeping through storms."

"Tell me about the ones who sleep through storms," Lucy urges.

"Are they there? Are they inside?"

"Uh, yeah...uh..very..tall again, very large... people, but they're thin, they look thin because of their height and they dress like in, oh hell, it's like a real light silk, but it's not flowing... type of clothing, it's like cut to fit..."

"This is very good. Move close to one of them and ask them to tell you about themselves."

"They're ancient people. They're ah... they're dying. It's past their time or age."

"Tell me about this."

"Uh..They're very philosophical about it. They're... looking for a way to survive and.. and... they just can't can't... seem to get their way out, they can't seem to find their way out.. so they're hanging on while they look or wait for something to return or something uh... there are others."

"Others?"

"Others..seem to be.. different kinds, different.. I don't know.. like ranks...not a good word....like they have different jobs."

"Explain."

"I think.. I get the sense... the others are not from here. There are some small ones... grey... and small, like.. a small child. They're working. They seem to be workers... eyes very dark... strange.. not.. not sure they're real.. or live, I mean... and.. some ... some are taller, but not like the first, exactly. They have sharp faces. Seem more "human".. or whatever.. humanoid.. than the small ones. The first ones, though are really beautiful... have beautiful eyes... blue, and slanted.. like a cat's...."

"What are they doing? Get in their heads and ask them what they are doing."

"...Well... The tall ones with the sharp faces.. they seem to be some sort of ... I don't know.. I get the sense of some sort of Red Cross sort of idea. A "Federation" or something. They are trying to help the other ones. The small ones... I'm pretty sure about this.. they are workers. Like soldiers or factory workers—you know, like drones or something... they're the ones who actually do the work.. and the ones with the sharp faces— The Federation— give orders and kind of supervise. They are trying to rescue the first ones. I get the sense that they have to move

them...that the Federation has come from a long way away to help the others.. to move them and save them somehow. ... I keep getting the word "survival." I think that's what this is about... It's crazy, but I feel like they mean... us too... I feel like they're involved in OUR survival—Earth's survival— as well....

"Ask them... Ask the ones who are in charge— the Federation— ask them what we can do. What is it they want us to do?"

"Ummm... I get, "Watch." and, maybe, "Wait." I'm not sure. I'm not getting anything else."

"Shit," breathes Dallas.

"OK," Lucy continues, "The craft you followed. Is that theirs? The Federation's? Ask them where they go with it?"

"...mmm... 's hard... it's just "Watch" again....I don't know."

Mike's getting nervous. He thinks they should end the session. It's enough: Watch and Wait. That's evidently all they're going to get.

Lucy ignores him. "OK. When the others left, these people are waiting, when the others left, how did they go?"

".....Get the impression.. of... a really crazy place with volcanoes and, and gas pockets. Brutal.. I don't know.. primitive. Very Primitive..... It's very much like going from the frying pan into the fire... Difference is there seems to be a lot of vegetation.. where the other place did not have it... and, uh, different kind of storm....and..(unintelligible noise of surprise).."

"What is it?"

"Jesus... I THINK I just went under ground.... oh, jesus! Holy shit!"

"What is it?"

We are in an underground lab. Super-tech. The small greys off-load martian bodies. They are packed in gelatinous sacs that

perform the dual role of feeding them during transport and balancing the gravitational differential between Mars and these caverns beneath the surface of EARTH.

There are shelves stacked with what appear to be embryos or larvae, also packed in gel. There are bio-reactors synthesizing food. The greys move in and out among these different areas of activity. (Preparing bodies for experimentation, for example.)

Glowing globes of orange/yellow light move among the greys, and hover above the scene.

Into liquidic holding vats containing a phlegm-like substance bubbling and seething with gasses, the greys dump the martian bodies. Here they join the others already ensconced there. It is a piteous sight— these beautiful human creatures, writhing almost in unison. The stench is nearly unbearable and Ian begins to gag.

"Ian! Ian!"

"OK... I'm Ok.... It's ... it's...oh shit, it's horrible."

"What is it? Where are you?"

"It's a cavern.. but it's—shit— it's amazing... it's, it's like a lab, like a really... it's something medical.. or something with birth.. I don't know. But those people.. they're putting those people in like vats of.. I don't know.. Shit! It LOOKS like SNOT! And it.. the smell.. oh, jesus, it's sad. It's so sad..."

"Ian, look, we're almost done here. Just.. just try again. Ask again what we can do.. if there's something we can do."

"There's something.. like.. god.. it's like ... it seems like— I don't want to say a "group mind," but it seems like that... I feel they want to reach me, but it's like, THEY, like collectively."

"This is the martians?"

"Yes. In the vats, or tanks, or..."

"Ian, ask the Federation. Are they there? Ask them."

Barrish is nearly exhausted, on the verge of regression. "They are here. They're saying 'Shelter' I get 'Shelter,' and, and 'Receive. Receive.'

Ok. Ok. All right... It's time to come back now to the sound of my voice. Are you in the present time?'

"Ummm-hmmm"

"Go up, Ian. Go above ground and remember something about the place...."

In flashes, the area above the cavern is revealed. It is dark, nighttime. Though Barrish is not aware of this, it is Bandolier Canyon in northwest New Mexico. There are striking rock formations, easily identifiable. Suddenly, against one of the shadowy red cliffs there is a burst of fiery greenish light, which dives directly through the rocky earth below.

"... now return to the sound of my voice on the 22nd of May 1989."

Ian lies immobile, exhausted, eyes closed. As Lucy comes over to remove the wires he opens his eyes. "Something else was there, Spook."

"What else was there, Ian?"

"The angels."

Act III

The team is now essentially a mustang operation. They have moved their base to Menlo Park, California, where Ingo Swann's lab is located. In Swann's "lair," a breezy, sunlit dwelling on the Pacific, crammed with Swann's magnificent cosmological canvases, Barrish, Mitchell, McLellan and Sedgewick have taken up residence. Among others of Swann's entourage, they are met here by Jacques Vallee (to whom Barrish endears himself by continuing to call him 'Jock' until Vallee protests, "My name is not JOCK! A jock is something worn for an athletic event! MY NAME IS ZHOCK!") While Swann shows Lucy his work, Barrish, Mitchell, McLellan, and Vallee

argue how to classify the experience: If contact is telepathic, is it actually interaction, or merely sighting? Is it even that? From the sidelines, Swann interjects that remote viewing is as valid as physical presence.

Vallee gets everyone's attention when he talks about human deaths, supposedly linked to alien activity, that have occurred in South America. He tells of high concentrations of electricity that have caused livestock, happening to be in their vicinity, to explode! Other scientists offer corroboration. The aliens are extremely dangerous they contend. Vallee does not recommend pursuit of their present course. Barrish, in mock-deference to Swann— it is a peace offering— asks his opinion. Swann is not fooled, but decides to accept the token. He shares Barrish's enthusiasm, realizes full well that this is the natural fruit of his own laborious research, and states that he could not imagine abandoning attempts to comprehend all of this.

Discussion ensues... Gravity adaptation is impossible, so why come here? Why now? How do they get here? If this happened so long ago— in prehistoric times, in fact— how do they come to be here in the present? Time-looping? What about the angels?— the scientists balk at this designation and "transcendentals" is agreed upon. And what of the feeling Barrish experienced that these people have something to do with Earth's survival? They decide to use the project itself as a target, and follow it into the future.

Swann and his team of scientists monitor the four remote viewers for this session. As they are wired Mitchell jokes that he feels like a pretender after Barrish has demonstrated his supremacy so irrefutably. "Stay sharp," rejoins Barrish, "I don't want any of you guys getting rusty." "Shit don't rust," quips Dallas.

It is an exhilarating session as the rest of the team sees these beings from another world for the first time. Mike is discomfited, horrified even, but manages to hold the target. Lucy and Dallas are mesmerized. They explore the lab and are surprised to see several human beings lying, seemingly unconscious on high-tech gurneys. Swann, monitoring, asks the team what humans are doing in this place. All they manage to acquire, however, is that these people are being "borrowed." They can't get any more information; it is as if the signal is being blocked.

Swann then directs them to ask about the Earth. In what way will they be involved in Earth's "rescue?" Martian atmosphere was degraded due to a natural event; Earth's atmosphere is being synthetically destroyed— by man himself. The Federation's interest is in sustaining both life forms— Martian and Man. But more important to them is the planet itself as a life-producing organism. Only fragmentary information is acquired by the team. They understand that Earth's ecology will change drastically, the food chain completely disrupted via the extinction of crucial plant life and one-celled animal organisms. It will only be through a joint effort that any recognizable form of existence will be sustained.

The session results in a consensus. All four agree that it is urgent for them to go there, to make physical contact. "But where is 'there?' wonders Swann. "That's easy, " says Barrish. He quickly sketches a picture of the prominent rock formations revealed in the last clandestine session. "Here," he says, pushing the sketch forward for examination. "Bandolier Canyon?" asks Mike. "Northwest New Mexico— near Los Alamos." Los Alamos? Why there? It's all nuclear physics, atom bombs. Not any more, volunteers one of the scientists. It's the location of the Human Genome Project. "What is the Human Genome?" asks Lucy. It's a genetics project, involving complete analysis of human DNA, identifying, mapping out individual genes and their functions, ostensibly for the purpose of engineering, rebuilding or "correcting errors." Theoretically scientists could re-create or hybridize extant civilizations... or resurrect an extinct one!

That explains it— why here, why now. This is amazing. The Federation evidently was able to see more than a million years ago that at this point in Earth's linear history man would have the technological capability to assist in re-construction of the doomed race of Mars. They transported them both in space and in time to arrive here, now, and they have "enlisted" the RV team, Swann, the scientists as liaison between worlds. In exchange, the Federation will help man to escape his own fate, and save the Earth from its impending ecological demise.

Vallee objects. This is insane. We're talking about sharing the earth with aliens— dangerous aliens— and abetting them in their acclimatization. McLellan agrees with Vallee. This really is

extremely dangerous. He feels that Strathburn should be told, troops sent to the area, the teeming alien brood exterminated. With effort Barrish manages to dissuade him. They agree to visit the site in New Mexico in hopes of obtaining ground truth before deciding their next step.

In Oden's office, Strathburn is under fire. Oden and Alexis are briefed by Fenton in regard to Boscoe's reconnaissance of the illicit RV session and the current whereabouts of the renegade RV team. They are with Swann and Vallee is involved, he reports. At the mention of Vallee's name Alexis raises an eyebrow.

"Well what do you have in mind?" asks Strathburn, "Court martial?" "No, I'm not talking about a court martial here. I'm talking about tracking these traitors down and wiping them out!" shouts Oden. "I did not spend my career— my entire life's work— protecting the American people from communism to have this great country overrun by creatures from outer space! How do you think that would sound? Huh? If I get up before the American people to explain to them how the United States Army used the taxpayers money on a secret project to facilitate the migration of ALIENS to this planet. How do you think that would sound?" He turns to Fenton, "You've got your orders." Then back to Strathburn, "And you keep out of this. You want a court martial, I can get you one. Yours!"

Bandelier Canyon, New Mexico. Sparsely vegetated, near-desert, it is partially surrounded by huge red cliffs. The team stands next to the exploded carcass of a large beast— a free range cow no longer foraging. Dallas toes the blasted body contemplatively. "Inter-galactic roadkill," observes Swann. "Looks like Vallee got this one right," Lucy comments. "Come on," urges Barrish. "Let's have a look around."

Up in the cliffs the team inspects an Anasazi petroglyph carved into the face of the rock. Ian and Lucy exchange looks. It is strikingly similar to the drawings on Lucy's wall, the copies of ancient temple renderings depicting gods and visitors from space.

As they descend from the cliffs, it is that few minutes when the last dim light of dusk gives way to darkness. "Hang on," says Lucy. "There's something in my boot." She sits down on the ground and tugs at the boot, which gives way suddenly causing her to rock slightly backward. At that moment, on the face of the cliff above she sees an amber colored plasma extruding gently from the sheer red rock. It covers an area of about 15 square feet. Lucy gasps, calling attention of the others to the sight above. The plasma shimmers like a soap bubble, then disappears, seeming to be "reabsorbed" into the cliff.

Almost immediately, a fiery green ball appears in the sky. It flashes silently, then plunges straight down like a pelican diving into the sea, and disappears into the earth. Barrish registers *deja vu* as they all react to the ultra-sonic pulse that sounds once in their heads.

Now all eyes regard the sky. Billions of stars swirling in the Milky Way. What will be next in this pyrotechnic display? As they watch, a long, thin vaporous black snake-like wisp of cloud sidles at fantastic speed across the sky. Moving from the north to south-southwest, it obliterates stars as it travels and disappears into the distance.

Five glowing orbs appear in the sky. Two loop back around as if giving coverage to the other three, then rejoin formation. They slip out of sight into what appears to be a crack in the heavens, as a page would disappear into an envelope. It is a truly awesome display in total. The sky at once can be perceived for what it truly is: a breathing energetic ocean, surging with life. Fantastic.... supernatural..... real.

"I'd say we've got ground truth," comments Swann.

Back at Menlo Park Barrish and Lucy walk the beach along the Pacific. She looks out toward the horizon where sea and sky are seemingly joined. Ian kids her about looking for angels. "No, I was just thinking about those people and their planet. Dead."

"And this one's heading the same direction," Ian agrees, "But we're being given a chance. They can help us save this planet if

we can manage to save them... When this all started, I didn't know what it was about. I thought it was about supremacy.. or being best, winning. But those things don't mean anything really. It's survival— maybe evolution. Then I started asking : why us?"

"And?" Lucy asks.

"'and' it doesn't matter why. At least not to me. I just know that I have arrived here to do a job. And I am prepared to do it."

"Army to the core," teases Lucy.

Barrish grabs her. "Army?" he laughs, "we're AWOL, baby!"

Inside, Ian passes the open door of McLellan's room and sees that Mike is stuffing his gear into a large travel bag. He asks Mike what's up and Mike tells him he's leaving. Their views on the previous day's sighting are widely divergent. While Barrish is exhilarated—the hawk is finally flying, McLellan is terrified. And now he believes that Barrish, too, is dangerous. He's going back east. As McLellan pushes past Barrish and exits, Lucy approaches. She can tell at a glance what has gone down and urges Ian to try to stop Mike. This is really going to make everything more complicated. "Screw him," Barrish says dismissively.

Now plans are laid and executed rapidly. Swann and the scientists will remain at the lab monitoring via remote viewing, and relaying via radio. Vallee and Mitchell will lay back to cover while Barrish and Sedgewick go directly to the site. Then they will wait.

The vigil lasts three days and nights, broken only by intermittent radio contact: "Something will arrive. Be ready to receive. Time is getting close."

Brenda stands in a phone booth and calls Ian. She is disappointed to learn that he has already left for the site. One of the scientists takes a message: Tell Swann he must warn Ian. McLellan has reported everything to Oden.. including the location.

As Brenda replaces the receiver on the hook, her eyes become fixed on the person standing outside the smudged glass booth. Boscoe waits patiently for her to finish her call.

The third night, nearing dawn, Swann transmits: "They're here." It is a superfluous message as two huge glowing spheres now appear high above the site. They generate enormous amounts of electricity as they pop into time. So much so that Vallee and Dallas, monitoring from two miles away, are able to read it. "Jesus, they must be frying!" breathes Dallas. After several long seconds, the charge subsides with the needle returning to read normal. "Come on," he urges, starting up the truck.

Barrish and Lucy are unharmed. They watch as one of the globes descends toward the earth. Lucy runs toward the glowing orb almost as if to embrace it, and Barrish watches, stunned, as she seems to be absorbed into it. The globe lifts off the ground and he is able to make out the shape of something lying there on the rocky earth.

Now Barrish rushes toward the spot, while up above, as the dawn is just breaking, shooting fantastic colors over the rocky cliffs, a silent, deadly black copter appears and Boscoe fixes Barrish in the cross-hairs of his high-powered rifle. He fires once.

Vallee has noticed the copter and calls Dallas' attention to it, just as Dallas, looking ahead, sees Barrish fall. He slams on the brake and rushes from the truck targeting Boscoe's pilot psychotronically. The pilot's face crumples as he grabs his head. Boscoe grabs frantically for the controls, but to no avail. The copter crashes against the ragged cliff.

Dallas is crying openly as he picks up Barrish's body and drags it onto the truck. Vallee puts a hand on his shoulder and says, "I'll drive."

Screen goes to black.

In the darkness we hear the breathing of a man and a dog. The man's heavy boots crunch in the loose stones as the picture returns to reveal only the feet of the pair. The dog runs ahead, and suddenly we hear his excited barks. "What is it, guy? Whatcha got there?" He catches up with the dog as the shot widens

to reveal a large grey form lying motionless in the red dirt.
"What is it? What the hell is that?" asks the rancher again, his
voice taking on an edge of concern becoming horror. And now we
see what he sees: an entire martian body, bright blue eyes
staring up at the sun.

FIN



"At Work in the Mind of Science"

Box 212, P.O. Box 27800, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87125, U.S.A. • (505) 898-4883 • Fax (505) 898-0545

August 20, 1993

Professor Courtney Brown
Department of Political Science
Emory University
Atlanta, GA 30322

Dear Courtney,

You are scheduled to undergo the **Technical Remote Viewing™** Intensive Training Course during September 27-October 3, 1993. Lectures, drills, and RV sessions are conducted in a comfortable, quiet, professional atmosphere at *PSI TECH's* training office, located in the Executive Suite, 3916 Juan Tabo Blvd., Albuquerque. Instruction will take place during the hours of 9-12 am and 1-4 pm, daily. There is a one-to-one student-instructor ratio for the duration of the course.

Technical Remote Viewing™ is the *PSI TECH* trade name for Ingo Swann's Coordinate Remote Viewing (CRV) breakthrough training protocols. *PSI TECH* is under commercial license to teach these techniques and methods, which remain proprietary to Ingo Swann. Please note: You will be asked to sign an agreement acknowledging that course information, including notes and workbooks, are for the student's personal use only, and that these training techniques and methods will not be transferred or published without the express permission of Ingo Swann.

Tuition is \$3000.00, payable in advance to *PSI TECH*. This amount includes continuing (no future cut-off date) post-course technical support to service the RV 'programming' which the company will 'install.'

Like language, the ability to remote view is innate. However, like language, it must be learned so as to be used effectively. The training that you will undergo installs the RV skills, sans the dimensional measurement precision demanded of *PSI TECH* employees. TRV skills are standardized; the training program itself is highly structured—it does not allow for creativity on the part of the student.

Upon course completion, you will be able to:

- acquire any RV *target*, (i.e., person, place, thing, or event, regardless of location in time-space)
- set up and initiate a *topical search*
- discriminate between target-associated data and imagination/personal analysis
- elaborate target-associated information (words and sketches) in a structured format

For your own interest, as well as for collaborative/support purposes, you will be provided with continuously updated lists of other TRV graduates.

Lesson Plan Overview:

Monday	☞ Intro to RV/background/theory; Stage 1 fundamentals
Monday-Tuesday	☞ Stage 1 (Phase 1 & 2)
Wednesday-Thursday	☞ Stage 2/Stage 3
Friday	☞ Stage 3/Stage 4
Saturday-Sunday	☞ Stage 4
Sunday	☞ Intro to Stage 5/6

Admin Notes: I will arrange your accommodations. During your stay, your messages may be directed to 505-898-4883/fax: 505-898-0545. Expect mild daytime temperatures and cool eves. Please dress comfortably for training sessions.

Enclosed you will find information on the Santa Fe Institute. If at all possible, try to allow an extra day (Monday, October 4th) to visit there, in which case you would want to plan upon departing Albuquerque late on the 4th, or on the 5th.

I look forward to spending time with you here in 'The Land of Enchantment.'

Respectfully,



Edward A. Dames
President

TRV Training Agreement

I understand that Technical Remote Viewing™ methods and techniques are proprietary information, and are not to be transferred or disseminated without the express permission of Ingo Swann.

Signature: _____

Date: _____